Joke's On You

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Joke's On You

by Lyla_Joy

Summary

The teacup shattered once more. But this time instead of coming back together, the shards grew sharper.

Notes

Did I title this after a song from Birds of Prey? Yes, yes I did.

Was it worth it? Yes, yes it was.

I was bored and decided to post this cause it was in my Docs for *months*. Anywho. Onto the story.

All mistakes are mines.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will watched as the lights shone through the otherwise dark house. Will took the sip of the wine in his hand while the other absentmindedly petted the Rottweiler. Tires crunched on the gravel as Will stood up and took the rest of the wine to the head before going to place it in the sink. The Rottweiler followed him obediently as Will processed to close all the blinds before making his way to the front door. Clicking his tongue, he instructed the Rottweiler back into the living room. The dog looked at him with dark eyes before walking away. With one hand on the doorknob, Will heard a familiar voice call out.

“Come out with your hands up.”

Will twisted the doorknob and was immediately assaulted by the bright headlights of police cars as multiple guns clicked and pointed in his direction. Stepping out into the night air Will held up his hand, clear blue eyes trained on the man at the head of the line-up. “Hello, Jack,” said Will monotonically.

Jack’s jaw twitched. “Where is he, Will?”

Will let a cruel smile curl on his lips. “He’s gone, Jack. And this time, he’s not hiding behind the house.”

Jack’s eyes narrowed suspiciously, and Will doesn’t blame him. Turning on his foot, Jack barked out, “Cuff him.”

Will let himself get manhandled into the nearest police car. He let the house; it was never his home, fade in the distance.

He’s been here for two weeks before he receives his first visitor.

His cell here at the BSHCI was similar to Hannibal’s when he was once a resident here. Minus the drawing desk. Will couldn’t stop the smirk that crawled on his lips when he got introduced to his temporary home. He knows it’s only temporary because soon, they will need him once more. They will always need him. But this time, he isn’t going to allow anyone in his head. He’ll be in control of his actions.

Will was lying on the cot, arms behind his head, when he heard the sound of heels clicking on the floor. Keeping his eyes closed, he says, “I was wondering when you’ll finally visit me, Dr. Bloom.” He opens his eyes. “Or is it Verger now?”

Will sits up and moves his eyes to stare at the woman on the other side of the glass. Her lips were pursed, creasing her red lipstick in an unflattering way. Her outfit was a dark pantsuit portraying the newfound confidence within the woman. Will gave her a once over before looking into her blue eyes that seemed darker in the light. She is shocked at the eye connection but quickly masked it with indifference.

“I still go by Dr. Bloom,” responded Alana.

Will nodded. “I see. What brings you down here, Dr. Bloom?”

Alana's eyes flickered down before looking back at him. The friend he once knew, the constantly worried one, was shining in her eyes. "I think it is time for you to talk, Will."

Will hummed, "Is it?" Standing up, he made his way over to the desk and leaned against it. Placing his hands on the sides. "And what pray tell do I need to talk about?"

"You were gone for two years," started Alana. Swallowing, she carried on. "We were worried about you, Will. We have no idea what Hannibal could have possibly been doing during those two years you two were gone. We need your account of the events that took place. Anything that will help us find him once more."

Will glanced off to the side. "I can tell you what transpired, but it will not help you find him. Hannibal is capable of hiding for years if he so chooses."

"But not hard enough," said Alana, giving a pointed look at the cell.

Will let out a huff of laughter. "It was long enough. It was just the right amount of time for whatever Hannibal had planned in the long run. He always has something to look forward to. I wouldn't be surprised if this, leaving me there, were a test."

Alana's eyebrows furrowed. "A test? Why?"

"Cause he's curious," responded Will. "Hannibal's like a child. He collects toys, plays with them, and winds them up to see how they can *go*. He leaves them somewhere to see what will happen. Will they rot? Will they decay? Or will they still be pristine? What would happen if he leaves? Once he gets bored, he throws them away."

"And did he throw you away?" questioned Alana.

Will looked at her and raised an eyebrow. "I am his favorite toy, Alana. The one he clutches at night when times get rough. The one he likes to drag through the mud but clean it up once it's dirty enough and then destroy it even more."

Alana looked at him like she didn't know what to say, which is not too bad of an assessment. Will knows what he looks like. Another deranged man that had his head manipulated by a serial killer. A puppet for the puppeteer. Giving her a final look, he said, "A child always comes back for their favorite toy." He pushed himself off the desk as he headed back to the cot.

"Does that mean he'll be coming back for you?"

She almost sounded eager at the notion, and Will couldn't help but snort. Laying on the cot, he curled up and said, "Not this time. This time the toy will find the child."

Turning his back to the glass, he heard her retreat. Grinning, Will knew it was only a matter of time before they would need him again. Will has set his chess piece down. It was Hannibal's turn.

The opportunity came a week later.

Will was sitting at the desk reading one of the books he was allowed when he heard the woosh of the door opening, causing him to look up. In came two orderlies, each armed down to a T. Will stood up and made his way to the front of the desk and held his arms up, wrist clasped together. The orderlies clasped cuffs on his wrists before he got ushered out of the room towards a private room. Inside was Jack, and Will let a smile appear.

Once he got chained down in the chair, he looked at Jack's tense face as he said, "What have you brought for me today?"

"This," responded Jack before throwing some pictures on the desk, landing lightly on the table.

Will picked up the first one, a full body picture of the victim. It was a young man, late thirties if Will had to guest. He was pale from the blood loss, and his chest cavity ripped open, showing the empty hole of where his organs would be. He was stung up in a chair with what Will knows are fishing lines. In one hand was his heart, and in the other was his eyes which Will knew was blue. His hair was curly splattered with blood.

"Mind explaining that?" questioned Jack with a raised eyebrow.

"I think it is explainable," said Will, putting the picture down.

"Well, I want your input."

Will gave him a blank look. The slight twitch of Jack's left eye made Will smile slightly. Glancing back down at the photographs, he said, "He knows where I am. He wants me."

"For what?"

"To break me," said Will, noticing the slight shudder Jack had. But what Jack and possibly Hannibal don't know is that he's already broken beyond repair. "He knows he didn't break me down all the way and wants to do it. I see him, and he sees me. I hold his heart in my hand."

Jack looks down at the picture, and Will sees a slight disgust shining in his eyes. Will knows it isn't because of their sexuality but rather what everything implies. Jack looked back at him as he said, "You have his heart in safekeeping."

Will nodded a little. "It would seem so. It would be a shame if I crushed it," hummed Will's fingers twitching at the thought.

Jack's face screwed up, but there is a shine of interest. *Bingo.* "You think you can catch him once more."

"I never caught him, Jack," said Will, shaking his head. "Everything Hannibal has done is what Hannibal wanted to happen. He's playing the game, and we are all just his pawns. But I can help you once more. For a price." Will's eyes gleamed a bright blue in the artificial light.

Jack narrowed his eyes. "And what will that be?"

“I can help you track him down. Be you little bloodhound once more,” Jack tenses at the analogy, “But I will need to be out in the field to do so. By myself.”

Jack looked like he was ready to protest before Will looked at him, causing him to shut his mouth. Jack’s jaw twitched before he nodded, promising Will he’ll see what he’ll do. Will sat back in his chair, satisfaction curling within his gut.

Will was released from the BSHCI two days later.

When he walked into the destined meeting room where Jack told him to arrive, he saw Alana in there as well, looking displeased with the plan. Once Jack went over everything, Alana decided to speak up.

“You have seen what happened when we let Will back out to Hannibal. They both fell over a cliff,” said Alana. “How do we know this will even work?”

“There is nothing else we can do,” said Jack with a slight sigh, pinching the tension between his eyes.

Sitting back, Will crossed his left over his right. “I know Hannibal better than anyone. If there is anyone who can catch him for good, it would be me. I know what type of games he plays, and I will happily play them back.”

“You did that,” said Alana, an angry flush on her neck. “And look at what that got us. Permanent scars left by Hannibal.”

“If dealing with Hannibal Lecter yet again requires more scars, I am ready to receive them,” replied Will. He looked at Alana, daring her to speak up once more. Her nagging will ruin everything Will has carefully planned.

Alana blew out a hair from between her teeth, making a whistling sound. Will’s eyes flashed before he could retain it before either of the other occupants of the room could see. Jack walked to the other side of the room where a bag was and placed it in front of Will. Will dug through it as Jack listed off everything that was in the pack.

Will took out a gun and popped it open. Making sure a new clip was in there, he clicked the firearm back, eyes narrowing in pleasure at the sound. Jack looked at him and asked, “And what will you do once you catch Hannibal?”

Will stared down at his distorted reflection in the gun. “I’m going to kill him,” responded Will. If he was or wasn’t, the others did not need to know. Keep it simple—something they will both enjoy.

By the look Jack and Alan shared, they seemed to deem that a good idea. Will’s lips curled in pleasure as he looked to his side. The Ravenstag staring at him with calculating marron eyes.

Your move.

End Notes

This was meant to be a couple of chapters but I knew I would never write but here's the thing. If anyone wants to continue it or use the plot I would love to see what you do with it. Just make sure to mention me :)

But I hoped people liked this! Kudos and comments are lovely and I look forward to them.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!